

AFTER THE CONFESSSION.

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BY

ADOLPHE DANZIGER.



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After the Confession

And other Verses

BY

De Castro, Adolphe Danziger

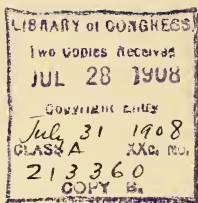
ADOLPHE DANZIGER

Author of something else.

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JUST A WORD.

Several years ago I had gathered a large number of verses which were about to be published when I was suddenly deprived of that pleasure by a person who borrowed the manuscript and never returned it. Upon inquiry I was told that the manuscript had been stolen. Having no other copy, and not willing to set a detective on the track of the thief, although, I confess, I should have liked to make his acquaintance, the public was perchance spared an affliction.

Incidentally, I may say that a paternal government might subsidise a thief of that sort for the purpose of having the works of putative poets opportunely stolen.

However, I sincerely regret the loss of my manuscript, because it contained many poems to my mother, and these I have been unable to re-write from memory; but I shall know them, and so will a great many who read some of them as they appeared in the Press.

With this note of warning my purpose is fully served.

ADOLPHE DANZIGER.

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AFTER THE CONFESSION.



I oft forget religious feasts
In culling love's sweet roses.
Alike to me are Church and Creed
Of Christ or that of Moses.

For both proclaim that thou shalt love
Thy neighbour with affection,
And I, in sooth, have never failed
To give him my protection.

To love a neighbour as thyself,
Is sweet, and well and human,
But one can more intensely love
A neighbour who's a Woman.

Not long ago my neighbour was
A maid of Jewish fashion,
Who taught me the Mosaic laws
With oriental passion.

She's married now, her husband is
A portly Jewish brother,
But neighbour love, that gentle law,
I practise with another.

For now my neighbour is a maid
The Church of Rome professes,
Her eyes are like the ocean's depth,
Like amber are her tresses.

I love Marie and love her faith,
Which was for comfort given,
For one may sin and tell the Priest
And soon be wholly shriven.

But people do not always tell
Of all the sins committed,
A tiny sinlet here and there
Is now and then omitted.

It was not always thus, in Rome
The penitents did spinning,
To-day one gives the Church her
pence
And gladly goes on sinning.

But cease this thought, my neighbour
fair,
On whom my love now centers,
Anon, like incarnated rhythm,
My lonely chamber enters.

What bodes this look, to her I say,
This highly wrought expression.
This is, she answers, Easter week,
And I have made confession.

Didst tell the Priest, I cry, how oft
My breast thy bosom crushes
Until thine alabaster neck
Is dyed with crimson blushes.

Didst tell—"Now, hush," she calmly
says,

"To practise virtue better,
I've told the Priest of ev'ry sin,
Aye, to the very letter.

"I am a better Christian now,
No sin my soul distresses,
'Tis sweet, my dear, to be absolved
When one but full confesses."

'Tis truth, delightedly I cry,
The mind is dull that misses
To note the change—I know, Marie,
I feel it in—thy kisses.

For only one as pure as thou
Can laugh such saintly laughter,
Marie, my dear, confess again,
Thy love is sweeter after.



JUST A FLOWER.



A flow'r in a garden grew,
Of dulcet scent and fairest hue;
This gentle flow'r was for an hour
The sweetest flow'r I ever knew.

That little flower trusted me,
And loved me very tenderly;
It wept and blushed as it was
crushed,

Yet spake no angry word to me.

In sooth, it was a merry start—
I gaily played the lover's part;
Then came a day I would away—
Another flow'r had won my heart.

The pretty flow'r hung its head
When I farewell so lightly said;
It ne'er replied, nor even cried—
Alas! the little flow'r was dead!



Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.

COULD I BUT TELL . . .



Could I but tell what moves my soul
When I thy gracious smile behold,
Could I but hope to reach the goal
Where scenes of bliss their charms
unfold.

Could I but dwell with thee, my love,
In sylvan silence far away,
Where none but chanting birds above
Attune to rapture love's sweet lay.

Could I but have my heart's desire,
I'd prouder than a monarch be;
For love endows with heavenly fire,
And makes all mankind proud and
free.



“BONNE NUIT.”
(Good Night.)



That night, dear heart, when first we
met,
I never can forget, Marie;
When from thy lips in accents sweet,
I heard thy gracious “bonne nuit.”

Mine ears have heard so oft since then
Its rare, bewitching melody,
That ev’ry zephyr breathes to me
A tender, thrilling “bonne nuit.”

That night of thee, my love, I
dreamed,
Our hearts were twain in Paradise;
I heard again that “bonne nuit,”
Again I saw thy laughing eyes.

How oft my soul hath sought the spell
Thy grace and voice bestow, Marie;
Oh, let me see thee once again,
That I may hear sweet “bonne nuit.”



Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

(Das Hohe Lied.)

By Heinrich Heine.

Translated in the same metrical form.



A woman is a poem grand
That God, by genius smitten,
With graceful touch and master hand,
In Nature's book has written.

He chose the moment well enough
To form his inspiration,
And made of that rebellious stuff
An excellent creation.

In sooth, a woman's body far
Surpasses all romances,
Her limbs, so white and plastic, are
The most poetic stanzas.

How well the gracious Poet wrought
The neck—he curved so finely—
And on it poised the central thought—
The curly head, divinely.

The billowed breasts, with rosebuds
done,
Are epigrams in measure;
The metric space between each one
Affords enchanting pleasure.

The Poet's plastic art reveals
Each hip, which full of grace is;
The mystic Ode the leaf conceals,
A noble Law embraces.

No fanciful conception this,
But flesh and blood that hisses
With passion, speech, and lips that
kiss
In rhymed and metric kisses.

Here rings the truest poetry
With grace in each inflection,
And on its face indelibly
Is stamped divine perfection.

I praise Thee, Lord, as praise I must,
And all the world shall know it,
Compared with Thee we're bungling
dust,
O, matchless, heavenly Poet.

I ponder deeply ev'ry way
Thy work of plastic beauty,
And tireless am by night and day
In this divinest duty.

And sweet it is to revel in
Thy work with soul and body,
Though, Lord, I'm growing pale and
thin
From overzealous study.

IS IT LOVE?



Why are thine eyes cast down, sweet
maid,

Why are thy cheeks so rosy red?

Why are thy hands on bosom laid,

Why bowest thou thy gentle head?

Is it love? O, maiden speak!

Is it love, the love I seek?

Why doth my heart in raptures beat

What thou art nigh, when thou art
nigh?

Why do I tremble when we meet?

I fain would speak, yet can but sigh!

Is it love? O, maiden speak!

Is it love, the love I seek?

Adoring, at thy feet I kneel,

And ask no more if love it be;

The sweet, exquisite pain I feel

Has solved the sacred mystery.

Love, sweet love, my heart doth
speak;

'Tis the love, the love I seek!

Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.

ASK ME NOT.



Ask me not why thus I love you,
Why my heart so pines for you;
Ask the roses why they wither
Without sunshine, without dew.

See that e'en the poorest sunflow'r,
Knowing where to find her bliss,
Turns her face bedecked with dew-
drops
To the sunlight for a kiss.

Dear, I know but that I love you
More than roses love the dew;
More than sunflow'rs long for day-
light,
Do I, dearest, long for you.



Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.

THE LONG KISS, OR LOVE'S
MILLENNIUM.

(To Georgina.)



Had I a thousand years to live
And one in which to call you mine,
I'd gladly choose the one and give
Away nine hundred ninety-nine.

That year I'd use to drink in sips
Nine hundred ninety-nine of bliss,
And, hanging on your honeyed lips,
I'd kiss a year one single kiss.

GYPSY LOVE.



Would'st win my love, then kiss to
blood my lips,
Tear shred by shred my garb, with
mad impress
A bear like, rend and claw my
quiv'ring flesh,
Destroy my last defense to thy
caress.

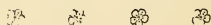
When crushed I lie beneath thy grasp
and spent,
My love is won, I then obey thy nod
And, crawling at thy feet, thou master
man,
I worship thee, my conqueror, my
god.

WHEN THOU WERT WHOLLY
MINE.

Some day, when twilight shadows fall
On paths that love with light
endow'rs,
Thou wilt with longing heart recall
The thrilling bliss of those sweet
hours
When thou wert wholly mine
Dear love, and I was thine.

And then, beloved, thou wilt fret,
And call the blissful past in vain;
But sighs and tears and sad regret
Can never, never bring again
The days when thou wert mine,
Dear love, and I was thine.

Then strain me to thy heaving breast,
And let me press my lips to thine!
Oh, let us guard each moment lest
We should recall with grief ferine,
The days when thou wert mine,
Dear love, and I was thine.



AS OF YORE.



I dream as lilies dream and sigh,
 Upon the moon illumined plain;
I sing as swans that sing and die,
 And think my song will still the
 pain.

I pray that light again might shine
 Upon the scene of former bliss,
When, pillowed on thy breast divine,
 I drank the nectar of thy kiss.

My love, my love, my heart's desire,
 I long for thee, for none but thee!
O, come and tune the golden lyre
 To love's delightful harmony;

And heart to heart and eyes to eyes,
 We'll live in rapture as of yore;
The world shall be our Paradise,
 And naught shall part us evermore!



Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.

TO A ROSE.



I love thee in thy red array,
Thy fragrant heart with gems
bedight;
I love thee as the light of day,
I love thee as the starlit night.

I knew thee in a better life,
Where death was not nor was decay,
And peace, unmarred by human strife,
Sublimely made the perfect day.

Until the mystic Voice divine
Ordained my soul to mortal's doom,
And thee, O, sister soul of mine,
A hued and fragrant rose to bloom.

I found thee in thy red array,
Thy fragrant heart with gems
bedight,
I love thee as the light of day,
I love thee as the starlit night.



THE FLOWER'S SORROW.



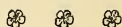
A flow'r complained to me one day,
When still the dew upon her lay;
Her sigh told more than she confessed,
And pity 'rose within my breast.
Alas! the pretty little flow'rs
Too often know their sadder hours;
The scent that they to us impart
Is grieving from a broken heart.

At morning, when the sun is bright,
The Flowers' sorrow comes to light;
Deceived, they from their dreams
 arise,
And teardrops sparkle in their eyes.
Shame lends the rose a ruddy grace,
But passion pales the lily's face.
Alas, poor flow'rs, they love in gloom,
And weep at morn—yet still they
 bloom!



Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.

LOVE'S LULLABY.



Hush, my love, the night is falling,
Twilight gleameth in the west,
And the nightingale is calling
His beloved to the nest.

Blow-wee, blow-wee
I made a bed of fragrant rose, love,
And pillow soft for two, love,
A dulcet nest for true love,
Where thou and I shall find repose,
love,
Blow-wee, blow-wee.

See, my love, the stars are beaming
Passion-fire in ev'ry ray,
And each star is fondly dreaming
Of a star love far away.

Blow-wee, blow-wee
Ring out, sing out, the day is done,
love,
The nest is made for two, love,
A paradise for true love
Where thou and I shall be as one,
love,
Blow-wee, blow-wee.

Hush, my love, and cease repining,
Lay thy head on to my breast;
And thy heart to peace inclining,
Shall be lulled to gentle rest.

Blow-wee, blow-wee.

Then kiss and whisper low, good-
night, love,

Our cozy nest for two, love,
Shall be a nest for true love,
For ever light and ever bright, love.

Blow-wee, blow-wee.



THE WORDS FROM THY LIPS.



The sweet words thy fair lips have
spoken
Have robbed me of peace and of
sleep;
Their music proclaims them a token—
How rare is thy love and how deep !

And over those dear words I ponder,
I ponder by day and by night;
In darkness no more can I wander,
Yet dare not appear in the light.

I will not that freedom shall find me,
If by it from thee I must part;
Be gracious, beloved, and bind me
With fetters of love to thy heart !



Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.

LEAVE ME NOT.



Leave me not to grief and pining,
For I need thy sweet caress
As a rose the sunlight's shining,
And the dewdrops tenderness.
Wilt thou break the word once
spoken,
When thy heart was love arrayed;
Shall life's dearest, sweetest token,
Like a flower be decayed.

Leave me not to pain and sorrow
At the door of life's delight;
Loneliness no joy can borrow
From a hopeless, gloomy night.
Leave me not; 'tis all I'm pleading,
Thinking only this one thought;
Crying, while my heart is bleeding,
Leave me not, oh, leave me not!



CUPID COMES STEALING.



Cupid comes stealing,
A thief in the night,
Silently kneeling
With bow-string in right.

Treading quite lightly,
Love passes the heart;
Cupid draws tightly
And speedeth his dart.

Mortally wounded,
Love weepeth with pain;
Cupid, unbounded,
But laughs at the slain.

Cupid comes stealing,
A thief in the night;
Deftly concealing
His arrows from sight.

He mocketh love's play
Till the rise of the sun,
And flieth away
When the mischief is done.

THE KING'S LAMENT.



Alive, no, no, I'm dead,
My tortured soul is fled;
My body chilled and sore,
Will feel her touch no more
In love as oft before.

What vile and traitor hand,
By jealousy unmanned,
Destroyed my gentle queen,
So regal in her mien,
So saintly and serene.

Or was it by a nod,
Of a capricious god,
My gladness to disperse,
A demon so perverse
Was sent, then him I curse.

I curse, I curse the pow'r
That gave me for an hour
The most exquisite joy
And then, as were't a toy,
With malice to destroy.

Of thousands that have sold
Their bodies vile for gold,
The vast and endless train,
Of those that live in pain
And hope they would be slain.

Of misery's broad field
That human thistles yield.
And life with evil dow'r,
He vented not his pow'r,
But crushed my gentle flow'r.

Is madness this, or spite,
In horror to delight?
Oh, ne'er will I believe
The reaper cuts the sheave
The tender plants to grieve.

The reaper cuts to feed
A lower kind of breed,
And where he cuts he sows;
He harrows, but he knows
The soil much richer grows.

The plants thus cut away,
Give seed another day;
But human hearts that die,
With agonizing cry,
For ever buried lie.

What happiness if one
Could die when love is done,
And break life's iron band,
Or, with a sweep of hand,
Our pain to cease command.

But no, our mem'ries live,
And thousand tortures give;
Unquenched remains desire
In hearts with grief on fire,
Until our souls expire.

We're proud and potent kings
When love's sweet summons rings;
The golden crowns we wear,
Bode not a single care,
Until there comes despair.

We rule with gentle hand
This dream and flower land;
When love's sweet rose is blown,
We're kings, when love is flown,
We're kings without a throne.



THE CASTLE ON THE LEE.
(A Parable.)



A man there was and rich was he,
As rich a man as man could be.
He ruled all men as like a god,
And each obeyed his slightest nod,

And like a god he wished to dwell
Above the lot whose life is hell.
By fancy lured, he raised his head,
And to his own proud self he said :

I am a multimillionaire,
I'll build a castle in the air,
A mighty fort upon a lee,
Above the forest, hill and sea.

I'll soar as mighty eagles, clear
Above the earth, and laugh at fear
That grips the human worms below
As thunders roll and tempests blow.

*I shall defy the crash and shock
Within my house of granite rock.*

The backs of thousand slaves were
bent
'Neath heavy loads, and rocks were
rent

And marble cut to perfect art
To lend a grace to ev'ry part.

Until there stood quite firm and fair
The castle of the millionaire.
A turret room, octagonal,
Rose high above the lordly hall.

The windows were of gems whose
 sheen
Did magnify the outer scene,
And aurophones were set around
To carry inward ev'ry sound.

Thus passed in panoramic view
The son of toil, at work with thew,
To force the patient mother field
The food for man and beast to yield.

He heard the shepherd's call, the barks
Of docile dogs and songs of larks.
He saw the hills with bristling trees,
And heard the brooklet as it flees

In throes of fear from clefts of gloom.
He saw the toilers at the loom,
Bereft of hope, bereft of joy,
A rag of life—the Reaper's toy.

He heard the groans, he heard the
sobs,

He saw the ragged, hungry mobs,
He heard their cry for work and bread,
He saw the slaughter and the dead—

He heard it all and saw it all
From yonder lofty turret hall.
And thrice he laughed in boundless
mirth.

What bliss, he said, to see the earth

From this secure and lofty height.
Behold, it whets my appetite
To see again the earthly pest,
I'll doubly then enjoy my rest.

*And as the moments came and went,
He felt exceedingly content.*

And, gazing at the sky, he saw
What seemed a speck, a little flaw,
The matchless, perfect blue contained,
That soon, like forces held enchained

And loosened, leapt, grew black and
low'r'd

With boding wrath, then rolled and
roared.

The ocean heaved, convulsed with
pain,

His foamy head again, again,

Was crashed against the rocky wall,
Despairful moanings in its fall,
And on the furies sprang or crept
Then at the trembling forest leapt.

The leaves in murmurs told their dread
The trees bent low, the furies sped
Away through forest hill and dale
With gruesome havoc in their trail.

*The millionaire contently thought,
The house is strong my slaves have
wrought,
I can defy the crash and shock
Within my house of granite rock.*

*His pride was just, his house was good,
The storm's attack it quite withstood.
And proudly then he raised his head
And thus defiantly he said :*

*I hold the mighty magic rod,
I fear no man, I fear no god,
I laugh at both and them I mock
Within my house of granite rock.*

*An earthquake came and wrenched the
lee,
The granite house fell in the sea,
It took the castle from the air
And also took the millionaire.*



TO THE STRONG.



And yet withal, the world loves not a
fool;

'Tis he, who fiercely fights with
might and main,
That wins the day; the brave will live;
the rule

Holds good for man and beast; the
weak are slain

To give the strong their boding force
to try

Full use of life; the quick will live the
slow must die.

So great is courage's pow'r, that e'en
the eyes

Of love, that much forgive, a craven
heart

That beats with fear and halts, will
soon despise.

For love loves courage as the
chiefest part,

And courage wins when whining
cowards fail

As winds serve best a full resisting
sail.



So lovêd are the strong, that e'en the
 Crucified
 Holds forth to them His pierced and
 bleeding hand,
And says : In agony and death I've
 tried
 To teach that strength is God's
 supreme command ;
For they who suffer much and suffer
 long,
Though weak in flesh, remain in spirit
 strong.

TWILIGHT.



Behold, how bits of rose and blue,
In fancifully blended hue,
Are fading into lambent air
That glints upon the sea ; and there
The heaving, ever-changing light
Is rocked to wait the coming night ;
The sea devours the day.
As light is swept away
Despairing voices call ;
The darksome shadows fall
Upon the world of light,
And then, farewell, good-night !

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

(A Persian Fable.)



When God had willed this world to
be,

He smiled, and lo, His very face
Enflamed a scene of symmetry,
Of beauty, love and matchless
grace.

And dulcet sounds from flowers rang
Wherein the gentle zephyrs played,
While love its sweetest cadence sang
In all the Master Mind had made.

As night had fallen on the scene,
The lily—glowing deeply red,
The rose, that gleamed in white
serene,
With fervent speech did woo, and
said :

Oh, rose, fair rose, I pray, incline
Thine ear and harken to my plea,
Behold, my heart with love ferine
Is burning, fairest rose, for thee.

The rose then said : I can't return
Thy passion, for the Lord above
No blood infused my veins to burn
With fierce desire, I cannot love.

At this the lily's passion grew
Yet more intense, her heart would
break

If love came not to save, she knew,
And sighed. At length she smiled
and spake :

Fair rose of love, do not despair,
The Lord in wisdom did ordain
That I my blood with thee shall share
And share with thee all bliss and
pain.

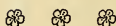
The rose then smiled with silent scorn,
Prepared to play a hateful part,
She forthwith sent her sharpest thorn
To pierce the loving lily's heart.

The lily's blood flowed all the night
Upon the rose's face and head,
And morning found the lily white,
The rose a deep and vivid red.

And when the rose was thus arrayed
In carmined dress of rarest hue,
And gems wherein the sunbeams
played,
A Fairy gave her fragrance, too.

But since the rose did not repent,
And gloried at her suitor's woe,
The Lord imposed a punishment
That she on thorny stalks should
grow.

TO MY LADY.



No crown can sweeter graces
Thy womanhood impart,
For, written on thy face, is
A noble mind and heart.

COURAGE IS KING.

A New Year's Toast.



To friends we have made and plans we
have laid
If noble the thought that laid them
No failure or fear can touch us this
year

For friends are true if—we made them.

So up with a cheer to the vanished old
year

And hail with delight the new one
Let bravely us sing, for COURAGE IS
KING

And stick to friend who's a true one.

INCONSTANCY.



Woman doomed to constant fretting
For a lover far away
Falls a victim to—forgetting
When another comes to stay.

REST.



Behind the crest of yonder purpling
hill,
Low sinks the splendor glowing
western sun;
The perfumed air is calm and sweetly
still,
For now the day is past and toil is
done.

Upon the breast of night, in sweet
repose
The wearied earth reclines her grate-
ful head;
Forgotten all her sins and griefs and
woes,
She dreams of love, and in her
dream is glad.

Set to music by Mr. Robert Coverley.

THE WORDS FROM THY LIPS.

Translation by the Author.

Die Wörter Deiner Lippen.



Du hast mir mit zärtlichen Worten
Das Herz und die Seele betrübt;
Du hast mir so völlig bewiesen,
Wie hingebend Du mich geliebt.

Doch bin ich so traurig und elend,
Mein Herz mir vor Wehmut schier
bricht;
Nun kann ich im Dunkel nicht
wandeln,
Und wage mich doch nicht ans
Licht.

Drum führe mich hütlich, Du Holde,
Ich weile ja gerne bei Dir;
Ach, bind mich mit Ketten der Liebe!
Dan dien' ich Dir für und für!



LEAVE ME NOT.

Translation by the Author.

Lass Mich Nicht.



Lass mich nicht denn Furcht und
Bangen

Fuellt mein Herz und truebt den
Blick;

Sterben muss ich vor Verlangen

Ohne Dich, oh, Du, mein Glueck.

Treue hast Du mir geschworen,

Innig klang Dein suesser Eid;

Dein war ich, von Dir erkoren,

Dich zu lieben nur geweiht.

Lass mich nicht in Gram und Sorgen

Waehrend noch das Glueck uns
lacht;

Freude kann der Tag nicht borgen

Von der hoffnungslosen Nacht.

Lass mich nicht—ich bin entmuthet;

Wie ein Blinder fleht nach Licht

Fleh' ich weil mein Herz verblutet,

Lass mich nicht, oh, lass mich night!

THE FLOWERS' LOVE.

Blumen Liebe.



Ich sah 'ne thau 'ge Blume,
Gar herrlich aufgeblueht;
Doch hoert' ich ihre Klage
Im innersten Gemueth.

Ich hoerte dass die Blume
Hat einen stillen Schmerz,
Und ist ihr koestlich Duften
Ein seufzend Blumenherz.

Es bringt die Morgen Sonne
Geheimen Gram ans Licht;
Die Blume steht und seufzet,
Thauthraenen im Gesicht.

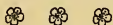
Oh, sage, holde Rose,
Hat Scham dir Roeth' vererbt?
Bist du, oh, weisse Lilie,
Von Leidenschaft entfaerbt?

Ihr liebt, oh, holde Blumen,
An naechtlich stillem Ort,
Und trotz der Schmerzens Thraenen
So blueht ihr weiter fort.

ASK ME NOT.

Translation by the Author.

Frage Nicht.



Frage nicht warum ich lieb' Dich,
Gluehend Dir ins Auge schau';
Frag' warum die Rosen welken
Ohne Sonne, ohne Thau.

Sieh' die armen Sonnenblumen,
Wenden stets ihr Angesicht,
Und verlangend ewig suchen
Einen Kuss vom Sonnenlicht.

Ach, ich weiss nur dass ich lieb'
Dich,
Dass ich rasend bin und blind;
Denn was Sonne ist den Blumen
Das mir Deine Augen sind!



WEIN UND WEIBER.

Lied einer Ungarin.



Ohne Wein da isch ka Leben,
Ohne Liab isch ka Sein;
Ohne Sonne kaine Reben,
Ohne Reben kainen Wein.

Ohne Weiber kaine Kisse,
Ohne Kisse kaine Lust;
Ohne Lust nur Aergernisse,
Wachsen in der Menschenbrust.

Drum Du Herz' ger, lass uns kissen,
Lass betaiben uns den Sinn;
Lass der ganzen Welt es wissen,
Dass ich Daine Liabste bin.



GUTER RAT.



Mein Sohn, sei gut wie sich's gebuehrt,
Der Menschenlieb' ergieb Dich ganz,
Den selbst beim Schweine oft sich
ruehrt
Recht mitleidscolll der krause
Schwanz.

Nimm Alles was Dein Aug' begehrt,
Auf Reichthum sei Dein Sinn
bedacht,
Weil Alles was ein Schwein verzehrt
So ziemlich guten Schinken macht.

Und siehst Du jeh bei einem Mann
'Ne Zucker-Kringel, nimm sie doch,
Und iss sie auf, der Dumme kann
Begnuegt sein mit dem schoenen
Loch.

Leih' Geld, mein Sohn, warum denn
nicht?
Der Edle froehnt der edlen That,
Doch hoere was von Pfand man spricht
Ob Werth es fuer die Summa hat.

In Glaubens Sachen sei recht schlau,
 Der Glaube ist ein hart Geschwuer,
 Drum ist's gescheuter wenn Du oft
 Halb offen laesst die Meinungs
 Thuer.

Zum Beispiel :

Der Pastor Mueller sagt zu mir :

“ Die Heil'ge Schrift die unterweist,
 Dass Christus mit zwei Broden hat
 Fuenf tausend Menschen einst
 gespeist.

“ Nun glauben Sie's, mein lieber
 Stein ?

“ Gewiss, ich glaub' es ganz wie
 'n Kind,
 Nur ”—“ Was, ” schreit Mueller, ”
 was meint nur ?

“ Ob sie auch satt geworden sind ?

Mit bestem Gruss an Gross und Klein,
 Dein lieber Vater Itzig Stein.



DAS MEER WEIB.



Steigend aus dem blauen Meere,
Farbenreich im Sonnenglanz;
Sah ein Juengling eines Tages,
Einen grossen Wallfisch-schwanz.

Auf der Spitze dieses Schwanzes,
Sass ein herrlich schoenes Weib;
Meeres-tiefe in den Augen
Alabaster gleich der Leib.

Auf dem Ruecken hing ihr langes,
Seidenweiches schwarz Gelock;
Und den blendend weissen Busen
Deckte duennes Schaum-Geflock.

Bald erhob sie ihre Stimme,
Wunder suess war ihr Gesang;
Gluecklich schien der Fisch im
Wasser
Doch dem Juengling wurde bang.

Süsser tönen ihre Laute
Und der Jüngling steht und
Iauscht,
Augen, Haar, Gesang and Busen,
Hoben völlig ihn berauscht.

Und sie lud ihn mitzukommen,
In den Unter-See Palast;
Dort ein Weilchen auszuruhen,
Als ihr einzig liebster Gast.

Viele Leute sind da unten
Alle werden amuesirt;
Und so manchen guten Dichter,
Hab' ich dort schon eingefuehrt.

Dichter hassen zwar das Wasser
Ihre Force ist der Wein
Doch vergiebt sich Mancher Etwas
In dem Kreise Gast zu sein.

Also sprach die holde Nixe,
Und der Juengling ging mit ihr;
Reitend auf des Fisches Schwanze,
In das Unter See Quartir.



JUL 28 1908

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